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M3
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MELEAGER



FIFTY
POEMS OF MELEAGER, *of Gad*

WITH A TRANSLATION

BY

WALTER HEADLAM

Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν "Ἐρωτα
καὶ Μούσας Ἰλαραῖς συστολίσας Χάρισιν.

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CONTEXTAM
NON SINE GRATIIS
COROLLAM
HVGONI MACNAGHTEN
TALIVM FLORVM
AMICO STVDIOSO
D. D.
AMICVS FLORILEGV

WITH whatsoever skill is ours
we Meleager praise,
the amorous nature, fond of flowers,
the master of sweet phrase:

We Meleager praise, that well
of unkind Love's despite
could tell in song, in song could tell
of kindly Love's delight.

Foreign of race are we, that own
too harsh a voice to sing,
music of more entrancing tone,
to praise him, borrowing.

And yet no stranger he, nor dead,
for him among all men
the Muses have establishéd
a deathless denizen.

‘Ημεῖς τὸν φιλέρωτα, τὸν ἡδόμενον Μελέαγρον
ἀνθεσι, τὸν καλῆς ἔμμορον εὐεπίης,
αἰνοῦμεν, τὸν Ἔρωτος ἀμειλιχίου μελεδώνας
εὖ καὶ μειλιχίου τέρψιν ἀεισάμενον,
ὁθυεῖοι γενεήν, φωνὴν τραχεῖαν ἔχοντες,
ἀλλ’ ἐρατεινοτέρην γῆραν ἀμειψάμενοι,
οὐ ξένον, αὐ τεθνηκότ’· ἐπεὶ Μοῦσαί σφε μέτοικον
ἀφθιτον ἐν πᾶσιν θῆκαν ἐπιχθονίοις.

INTRODUCTION

WE know little more of Meleager than we learn from his own poems (XLIX and L), that he was born at Gadara in Palestine, lived in his youth at Tyre, and in his old age at Cos; and that he made his first essay in literature as a disciple of Menippus, the Cynic, whom we know to have been his fellow-citizen. Menippus was famous for his satires. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Lives of the Philosophers*, says of him: “There is nothing of serious value to be got from him, but his books are full of laughable matter, something like those of his contemporary, Meleager.” Still, the epithet commonly applied to him, *ὁ σπουδογέλοιος*, suggests that his humour had a serious purpose. Meleager’s words do not imply that he was more than an imitator of Menippus in the satiric style. Of this kind, doubtless, were the works from which Athenaeus quotes, the *Xάριτες*, or *Graces*, and the *Συμπόσιον*, or *Banquet-Party*, which was probably modelled on the *Συμπόσιον* of Menippus. The loss of these we need not lament, possessing what we do of his poems and of the *Στέφανος*. This was a collection of short poems, such as these of his own, which he

gathered together into a *Garland*, dedicating it to his friend Diocles in beautiful verses. Here are some of the most interesting couplets of this dedication, in which, naming forty-seven of the contributing authors, he assigns to each a flower :

Μοῦσα φίλα, τίνι τάνδε φέρεις πάγκαρπον ἀοιδάν ;
 ἡ τίς ὁ καὶ τεύξας ὑμνοθέταν στέφανον ;
 ἄνυσε μὲν Μελέαγρος, ἀριζάλω δὲ Διοκλεῖ
 μναμόσυνον ταύταν ἔξεπόνησε χάριν .
 πολλὰ μὲν ἐμπλέξας Ἀνύτης κρίνα, πολλὰ δὲ Μοιροῦς
 λείρια, καὶ Σαπφοῦς βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ρόδα .
 νάρκισσόν τε τορῶν Μελανιππίδου ἔγκυον ὕμνων,
 καὶ νέον οἰνάνθης κλῆμα Σιμωνίδεω.

· · · · ·

τῇ δ' ἄμα καὶ σάμψυχον ἀφ' ἡδυπνόοιο Ῥιανοῦ,
 καὶ γλυκὺν Ἡρίνης παρθενόχρωτα κρόκου.

· · · · ·

ἐν δ' ἄρα Δαμάγητον, ἵον μέλαν, ἡδύ τε μύρτον
 Καλλιμάχου, στυφελοῦ μεστὸν ἀεὶ μέλιτος.

· · · · ·

ἐν δὲ καὶ ἐκ φορβῆς σκομότριχος ἄνθος ἀκάνθης
 Ἀρχιλόχου, μικρὰς στράγγας ἀπ' ὠκεανοῦ.

· · · · ·

*ναὶ μὴν καὶ χρύσειον ἀεὶ θείοι Πλάτωνος
κλῶνα, τὸν ἐξ ἀρετῆς πάντοθι λαμπόμενον.*

· · · · ·
*ἄλλων τ' ἔρνεα πολλὰ νεόγραφα· τοῖς δ' ἄμα μούσης
καὶ σφετέρης ἔτι που πρώιμα λευκόια.*

Sweet Muse, to whom this fruitage of singing hast thou brought ?
who was it that the poets' garland wrought ?
'twas Meleager made it, for noble Diocles
contriving a remembrance that might please ;
of Moero many lilies enweaving in his posies,
and Anyte ; of Sappho few,—but roses ;
with daffodils hymn-teeming of Melanippides,
and young vine-tendril of Simonides.

· · · · ·
With marjoram from fragrant Rhianus therewithal,
and sweet Erinna's crocus virginal.

· · · · ·
The pansy, Damagetus, and of Callimachus
sweet myrtle, full of honey rigorous.

· · · · ·
And, from the pasture, blossom from off that crispéd thorn,
Archilochus, small drops from ocean borne.

With ever-golden branches of Plato the divine,
that everywhere do of their virtue shine.

And many shoots of others new-writ ; and with them set
of his own muse white snowdrops early yet.

We have altogether near one hundred and thirty epigrams ascribed to Meleager ; but half of them will hardly bear translation.

A scholiast says that he flourished in the time of the last Seleucus. The last king of the name was killed in B.C. 95 or 94. The last of the Seleucid dynasty, Antiochus Asiaticus, was expelled by Pompeius in B.C. 65.

A most eloquent criticism of Meleager will be found in the chapter on the Anthology of Mr. J. A. Symonds's *Studies of the Greek Poets*. That there I read first of Meleager is only one small reason for the tribute I delight in paying to that book.

Translation being so much a technical matter, I may be allowed to add a few words upon the metres I have used. Ten-syllable iambics can rarely give the effect of Greek elegiacs. For poems of a somewhat severe style, as the Epitaphs of Simonides, they may serve, though too short ; and are suited to *epigrams* in our narrowed English sense, especially when of only two lines : but for poems whose excellence is their melody and grace they are not only too short, but too stiff and too

slow. I am sure that the movement of the elegiac couplet is generally best rendered by the simple quatrain I have most often used, though this, in its turn, is a little over-long. It is not unnecessary to say that correspondence in length is not to be judged by counting syllables. Greek is longer than English; owing to perfection of structure not so much as would appear from comparison of the separate words, but still slightly longer on the whole. My variations from the simple quatrain must justify themselves. In the *Idyll on Spring* I have tried to suggest the effect of the bucolic hexameter.

Finally, I would assure those who cannot read the Greek that the translation is at any rate faithful.

FLORENCE, *May* 1890.

Of every flower his *garland* did Meleager twine,
but he doth of the garland himself the garland shine.

Τὸν στέφανον Μελέαγρος ἀπανταχόθεν συνέπλεξεν·
αγέτός δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

SUCH the blossoms that were borne
by the Grecian soil outworn,
whom the portion to possess
of eternal youthfulness
did the Muses, kindly bent,
with the Graces in consent,
will, upon their opening,
their sweet beauty marvelling.
Not of Grecian birth are we,
but, no Grecians though we be,
still to us the blooms are dear,
blown in Greece, and never sere.

Τοιιάδε καὶ γήρασκον ἀνέτραφεν Ἐλλάδος οὐδας
ἀνθεα, τοῖς ἥβης δῶρον ἀειθαλέος
κοινὸν σὺν Χαρίτεσσιν ἀνοιγομένοισιν ἔδωκαν
Μοῦσαι, τὸ γλυκερὸν κάλλος ἀγαστάμεναι.
ἥμεῖς οὐχ Ἐλληνες· ἀνέλληνες δὲ φιλοῦμεν
τὴν οὐ καρφομένην Ἐλλάδος ἀνθοσύνην.

SWEET utterances we bring to thee
of Meleager's voice,
that are of all his poesy
the treasures of our choice.

Come, if thou canst, receive the gift ;
but if thy learning fails
to rede the dulcet-sounding drift
of Grecian nightingales,

For thee the twitterings musical,
so hardly to be read,
in our outlandish phrases all
have we interpreted.

·'Ηνίδε καλλίφθογγα μελίσματά σοι Μελεάγρου
προσφέρομεν, πολλῶν ταῦτ' ἀπολεξάμενοι.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν δύνασαι, λαβὲ τὴν χάριν· εἰ δ' ἀμαθαίνεις
λείριον Ἑλλήνων μοῦσαν ἀηδονίδων,
σοὶ τὰ δυσερμήνευτα λαλήματα βαρβαροφώνοις
χρησάμενοι φθόγγοις πάντ' ἐσαφηνίσαμεν.

POEMS OF MELEAGER

I

Δεινὸς Ἐρως, δεινός· τί δὲ τὸ πλέον ἦν πάλιν εἴπω
καὶ πάλιν, οἱμώζων πολλάκι, Δεινὸς Ἐρως;
ἢ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς
ῆδεται· ἦν δὲ εἴπω λοίδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.
θαῦμα δέ μοι πῶς ἀρα, διὰ γλαυκοῦ φανεῖσα
κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

I

A PLAGUE is Love, a plague ! but yet
what profit shall it prove
again and oft again to fret
and cry : *A plague is Love ?*

The boy but laughs to hear such news ;
chid with a tongue let loose,
enjoys it ; and if I abuse,
he thrives upon abuse.

O hither through the green wave sent,
Cypris, I must admire
how thou from that moist element
hast brought to birth a fire !

II

Κηρύσσω τὸν Ἐρωτα, τὸν ἄγριον· ἄρτι γὰρ ἄρτι
 ὁρθρινὸς ἐκ κοίτης φέρετ’ ἀποπτάμενος.
 ἔστι δ’ ὁ παῖς γλυκύδακρυς, ἀειλαλος, ὡκὺς, ἀθαμβής,
 σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῶτα, φαρετροφόρος·
 πατρὸς δ’ οὐκέτ’ ἔχω φράξειν τίνος· οὔτε γὰρ Αἰθήρ,
 οὐ Χθών φησι τεκεῖν τὸν θρασὺν, οὐ Πέλαγος·
 πάντη γὰρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἀπέχθεται· ἀλλ’ ἐσοράτε
 μή που νῦν ψυχαῖς ἀλλα τίθησι λίνα.
 καίτοι κεῖνος ἵδοὺ περὶ φωλεόν· οὐ με λέληθας,
 τοξότα, Ζηνοφῆλας ὅμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

II

HUE and cry for Love the wild ! for early from his bed,
early in the morning hath he taken wing and fled.

Sweet in tears and sly of laughter, dauntless, prattling ever,
swift, with wings upon his back and at his side a quiver.

But the father of the rogue I cannot tell, for Sea,
Earth and Air alike declare : *No son of mine is he.*

For of all he is abhorred in every place ; beware
lest he setteth for your souls even now another snare.

See, why at his lair he lies ! I have discovered thee,
archer, lurking in the eyes of my Zenophile.

III

Πωλείσθω καὶ ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισι καθεύδων·
 πωλείσθω· τί δὲ ἐμοὶ τὸ θρασὺ τούτο τρέφειν;
 καὶ γὰρ σιμὸν ἔφυ καὶ ὑπόπτερον, ἄκρα δὲ ὅνυξι
 κνίζει, καὶ κλαῖον πολλὰ μεταξὺ γελᾶ·
 πρὸς δὲ ἔτι λοιπὸν ἄτρεπτον, ἀείλαλον, ὅξὺ δεδορκός,
 ἄγριον, οὐδὲ αὐτῷ μητρὶ φίλη τιθασόν·
 πάντα τέρας· τοίγαρ πεπράσεται. εἴ τις ἀπόπλους
 ἔμπορος ὠνεῖσθαι παῖδα θέλει, προσίτω.
 καίτοι λίσσετ' ἵδον δεδακρυμένος· οὐ σ' ἔτι πωλῶ·
 θάρσει. Ζηνοφῆλα σύντροφος ὁδε μένε.

III

LET him be sold, though still he sleep
upon his mother's breast !
let him be sold ! why should I keep
so turbulent a pest ?

For wingéd he was born, he leers,
and sharply with his nails
he scratches, and amid his tears
oft laughs the while he wails.

Withal and further, glances keen
he plies, devoid of shame,
a ceaseless babbler, wild, nor e'en
to his own dear mother tame.

An utter monster : on that ground
sold he shall be to-day :
if any trader outward bound
would buy a boy, this way !

But see, in tears beseecheth he :
nay, thee no more I sell :
fear not, with my Zenophile
remain thou here to dwell.

IV

Ἡδη λευκόιον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος
νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα·
ηδη δ' ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,
Ζηνοφίλα Πειθοῦς ἀδὲ τέθηλε ῥόδον.
λειμῶνες, τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελάτε;
ά γὰρ παῖς κρείσσων ἀδυπνόων στεφάνων.

IV

Now bloometh the white violet, now bloom the daffodils
that love the rain, the lilies bloom that ramble o'er the hills.

Now, love's delight, among the flowers the fairest flower that blows,
Zenophile is in her bloom, Enchantment's own sweet rose.

Ye meadows, why so vainly smile for blossoms in the grass,
whenas your fragrant posies all my lady doth surpass?

V

‘Αδὺ μέλος, ναὶ Πᾶνα τὸν Ἀρκάδα, πηκτίδι μέλπεις,
Ζηνοφίλα, ναὶ Πᾶν’, ἀδὺ κρέκεις τι μέλος.
ποὶ σε φύγω ; πάντη με περιστείχουσιν Ἐρωτες
οὐδ’ ὅσον ἀμπνεῦσαι βαιὸν ἐώσι χρόνον.
ἢ γάρ μοι μορφὰ βάλλει πόθον, ἢ πάλι μοῦσα,
ἢ χάρις, ἢ—τί λέγω ; πάντα· πυρὶ φλέγομαι.

V

A LOVELY melody, my sweet, by Pan of Arcady,
thou playest upon thy lyre ; by Pan, a lovely melody !

Where shall I fly ? on every side about me Loves patrol,
and will not even a breathing-while give rest unto my soul.

For now thy beauty, now thy wit awakes in me desire,
or else thy grace, or else thine—all : I am consumed in fire.

VI

Εῦδεις, Ζηνοφῖλα, τρυφερὸν θάλος· εἴθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν
ἀπτερος εἰσήειν ὑπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροις·
ώς ἐπὶ σοὶ μηδ' οὐτος ὁ καὶ Διὸς δηματα θέλγων
φοιτήσαι κάτεχον δ' αὐτὸς ἐγώ σε μόνος.

VI

ZENOPHILE, my tender bloom,
thou sleepest. Oh the guise
of gliding slumber to assume
and enter on thine eyes !

That thereby might not even he
have unto thee access
who lulls the lids of Zeus, but thee
I only might possess.

VII

Τὸ σκύφος ἀδὺ γέγηθε, λέγει δ' ὅτι τᾶς φιλέρωτος
ψαύει Ζηνοφίλας τοῦ λαλίου στόματος.
ὅλβιον· εἴθ' οὐπ' ἐμοῖς νῦν χείλεσι χείλεα θεῖσα
ἀπνευστὶ ψυχὰν τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ προπίοι.

VII

THE cup in bliss rejoiceth much
because, so boasteth he,
'tis his the Prattling mouth to touch
of sweet Zenophile.

O happy cup, to be so quaffed !
would she her lips might strain
to my lips now, and at a draught
the soul within me drain !

VIII

Ὁξυβόαι κώνωπες, ἀναιδέες, αἷματος ἀνδρῶν
 σίφωνες, νυκτὸς κνώδαλα διπτέρυγα,
 βαιὸν Ζηνοφίλαν, λίτομαι, πάρεθ' ἥσυχον ὕπνον
 εὐδεῖν, τάμα δ' ἵδον σαρκοφαγεῖτε μέλη.
 καίτοι πρὸς τί μάτην αὐδῶ ; καὶ θῆρες ἄτεγκτοι
 τέρπονται τρυφερῷ χρωτὶ χλιαινόμενοι.
 ἀλλ' ἔτι νῦν προλέγω, κακὰ θρέμματα, λήγετε τόλμης,
 ἥ γνώσεσθε χερῶν ἔηλοτύπων δύναμιν.

VIII

Ho there, you shrilly-sounding gnats, you suckers of men's blood !
ho there, you shameless animals, night's double-wingéd brood !

A little space let quiet sleep Zenophile refresh,
I beg of you, and make, behold, your banquet on my flesh.

Yet why command I thus in vain ? even unperceiving beasts
delight upon her tender skin to make their dainty feasts.

But, evil creatures, still I give my warning unto you :
your boldness end, or you shall see what jealous hands can do.

IX

Ἡχήεις τέττιξ, δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεὶς
ἀγρονόμον μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάλον.
ἄκρα δ' ἐφέζομενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις
αιθίοπι κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρης.
ἀλλά, φίλοι, φθέγγου τι νέον δευδρώδεσι Νύμφαις
παίγνιον, ἀντφδὸν Πανὸν κρέκων κέλαδον,
ὅφρα φυγῶν τὸν Ἐρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὅπνον ἀγρεύσω
ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῷ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

IX

CHIRrupping grasshopper, drunken with dew-drops,
lonely thou tunest a shrill meadow-lay,
perched upon petals, with legs that are saw-like,
swarthy one, as on a cithern to play.

Friend, sing anew for delight of the tree-nymphs,
answer to Pan with a rivalling strain,
that I, fleeing Love, may get sleep in the noon-tide
here, lying under the shade of the plane.

X

Τί ξένον εἰ βροτολογίδος Ἀρεως τὰ πυρίπνοα τόξα
βάλλει καὶ λαμυροῖς ὅμμασι πικρὰ γελᾶ;
οὐ μάτηρ στέργει μὲν Ἀρη, γάμετις δὲ τέτυκται
Ἀφαίστου, κοινὰ καὶ πυρὶ καὶ ξίφεσιν;
οὐ ματρὸς μάτηρ ἀνέμων μάστιξι Θάλασσα
τραχὺ βοᾶ; γενέτας δ' οὔτε τίς οὔτε τίνος.
τούνεκεν Ἀφαίστου μὲν ἔχει φλόγα κύμασι δ' ὀργὰν
στέρξεν ἵσαν Ἀρεως δ' αἵματόφυρτα βέλη.

X

WHAT wonder if destroying Love flame-breathing arrows plies?
what if he laugheth bitterly with wanton-looking eyes?

His mother, is she not in love with Ares? and for lord
Hephaestus hath she not? allied with fire alike and sword.

Doth not his mother's mother, Sea, in tempest harshly groan
under the scourge? but who his sire, or whence, are neither known.

So from Hephaestus flame hath he, and billow-like the mood
he loveth; even as Ares, fond of arrows blood-embued.

XI

Καντὸς Ἐρως ὁ πτηνὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἥλω
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῦς ὅμμασι, Τιμάριον.

XI

EVEN wingéd Love was captured in the skies,
Timarion, being snaréd by thine eyes.

XII

*'Ιξὸν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δὲ ὅμματα, Τιμάριον, πῦρ·
ἢν ἐστίδης, καλεις· ἢν δὲ θίγης, δέδεκας.*

XII

THINE eyes are fire, Timarion,
thy kiss a liméd lure ;
thou kindlest whom thou look'st upon,
whom touchest, hast him sure.

XIII

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι Ὄραι,
τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.
ἢ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσσεν, ὡς ἄρα μέλλων
οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

XIII

THE Graces three in number are,
and three the woman-mad desires

the maiden Seasons three,
that do enfrenzy me.

For sure upon three bows he hath
as not one heart alone to pierce

drawn tight three several darts,
within me, but three hearts !

XIV

Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, Ἐρως, φλέξω τὰ σὰ πάντα πυρώσας,
 τόξα τε καὶ Σκυθικὴν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην·
 φλέξω ναὶ—τί μάταια γελᾶς καὶ σιμὰ σεσηρῶς
 μυχθίζεις; τάχα που σαρδάνιον γελάσεις.
 ἢ γάρ σεν τὰ ποδηγὰ Πόθων ὡκύπτερα κόψας
 χαλκόδετον σφίγξω σοῦς περὶ ποσσὸν πέδην.
 καίτοι Καδμεῖον κράτος οἴσομεν εἴ σε πάροικον
 ψυχῆς συζεύξω, λύγκα παρ' αἰπολίοις.
 ἀλλ' ίθι, δυσνίκητε, λαβὼν δὲ ἐπὶ κοῦφα πέδιλα
 ἐκπέτασον ταχινὰς εἰς ἐτέρους πτέρυγας.

XIV

LOVE, in the flames thine all, I swear by Cypris, I will burn,
thy bow and Scythian quiver filled with arrows each in turn.

I will, by—why so idly laugh ? with sneer so mocking why
make mouths at me ? too soon wilt thou be laughing all awry.

Thy plumes, the leaders of Desires, I verily will dock,
and brazen fetters in their stead about thine ankles lock.

Yet sure Cadmean then would be the triumph I should reap,
to join thee neighbour to my soul, a wolf among the sheep !

Away, invincible, away ! light sandals take beside,
and spread against another foe thy speedy pinions wide !

XV

Φαμί ποτ' ἐν μύθοις τὰν εὐλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
νικάσειν αὐτὰς τὰς Χάριτας χάρισιν.

XV

SOON Heliodora with her prattle sweet
in graces even the Graces will defeat.

XVI

Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοὶ τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἔρωτος
τραῦμα διὰ στέρνων αὐθις ἀναφλέγεται;
μὴ μὴ πρός σε Διός, μὴ πρὸς Διός, ὡ φιλάθουλε,
κινήσῃς τέφρᾳ πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σε φυγοῦσαν
λήψετ^ρ Ἔρως, εὑρὼν δράπετιν αἰκίσεται.

XVI

AH tearful soul, why sufferest
again to be inflamed
the wound of Love within thy breast
that was but lately tamed ?

Nay nay, be not, in heaven's name,
in heaven's name, so rash,
foolhardy one, to stir the flame
now smouldering under ash !

For, heedless thou of all past ill,
if flown another day
Love finds thee, soon as caught he will
chastise his runaway.

XVII

Ναὶ τὸν "Ερωτα θέλω τὸ παρ' οὖασιν 'Ηλιοδώρας
φθέγμα κλύειν ἢ τᾶς Λατοίδεω κιθάρας.

XVII

By Love, Apollo's harp I would not hear
as Heliodora's whisper in mine ear !

XVIII

Αἰεί μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὖασιν ἥχος Ἔρωτος,
δῆμα δὲ σύγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·
οὐδὲ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ’ ὑπὸ φιλτρῶν
ἥδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
ῳ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ’ ἐφίπτασθαι μέν, Ἔρωτες,
οἰδατ’, ἀποπτῆναι δ’ οὐδὲ ὅσον ἴσχύετε;

XVIII

THE sound of Love dins ever in mine ears ;
silent mine eyes to Longing bear sweet tears :
nor night nor dawn allays them : in my breast
philtres have one familiar form imprest.
O wingéd Loves, can ye fly hither then
without even strength to fly away again ?

XIX

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης τὰν εῦλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἐπλασσεν Ἔρως.

XIX

WITHIN my heart the sweetly-prattling maid,
soul of my soul, hath Love himself portrayed.

XX

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχή· Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἀλώσει,
 ὡ δύσερως, ἵξῳ πολλὰ προσιππαμένη;
 οὐκ ἐβόων; εἰλέν σε παγή· τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
 σπαίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἐρως τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν·
 καὶ σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δὲ ἔρραινε λιπόπνουν,
 δῶκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυνα θερμὰ πιεῖν.
 ἀ ψυχὴ Βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δὲ ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθη,
 ἄρτι δὲ ἀναψύχεις πνεῦμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.
 τί κλαίεις; τὸν ἄτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἐρωτα
 ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ἔδεις ώς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο;
 οὐκ ἔδεις; νῦν γνῶθι καλῶν ἄλλαγμα τροφείων,
 πῦρ ἄμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
 αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἴλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον· ἄξια πάσχεις
 ών ἔδρας, διπτῷ καιομένη μέλιτι.

XX

CRYED I not so to thee, my soul : *Thou wilt be caught, I swear,*
O lovesick one, if hovering oft around the liméd snare ?

I cried. The trap has taken thee. Why dost thou writhe in vain
within thy bonds ? 'tis Love himself hath bound thy wings amain ;

Set thee on flames, bedewed thy brows with myrrh when thou didst sink,
and when thou thirstedst unto thee gave scalding tears to drink.

So now in fire thou witherest, O soul in heavy pain,
and now, recovering thy breath, thou growest cold again.

Why weepest thou ? when heartless Love thou nourishedst at first
within thy bosom, knew'st thou not against thee he was nursed ?

Knewest thou not ? the recompense for thy kind nurture know,
receiving in thy heart at once both fire and freezing snow.

'Twas thine own choice. Endure the pain. Thy wages thou hast earned,
and sufferest fitly for thy fault, in boiling honey burned.

XXI

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἄπτε· πορεύσομαι· ἡνίδε τόλμα.
Οἰνοβαρές, τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα ; Κωμάσομαι.
Κωμάσομαι ; ποῦ, θυμέ, τρέπη ; Τί δ' Ἔρωτι λογισμός ;
ἄπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ή πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη ;
Ἐρρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα
τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἔρως.

XXI

TRY the hazard !—light torches ! I'll go ! come, be bold !
Thou drunkard, what meanest ? A revel I'll hold.
A revel ? Mind, whither ? What's logic to Love ?
quick, a torch ! *Our long reasoning, vain shall it prove ?*
Away with the labour of wisdom ! I know
this only, that Zeus too by Love was brought low.

XXII

Οἰσω ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων
ἄρχε, θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει κραδίαν·
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεὶς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
καὶ με πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἵκέτην.
ἄ προδότας καὶ ἀπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δὲ δργια κρύπτειν
αὐδῶν ἐκφαίνειν τάμα σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

XXII

BACCHUS, by thyself I swear,
thy spite I'll bear :
lead on, thou lord of revels, ride
a god my mortal will to guide !

Born in fire, thou dost approve
the flame of love,
and again thou bringest me
bound, in homage unto thee.

Oh a traitor is thy heart,
untrue thou art !
bidding thy mysteries conceal,
now thou wouldest mine reveal.

XXIII

Ἐγχει τᾶς Πειθοῦς καὶ Κύπριδος Ἡλιοδώρας,
καὶ πάλι τᾶς αὐτᾶς ἀδυλόγου Χάριτος·
αὐτὰ γὰρ μι' ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεὸς ἀς τὸ ποθεινὸν
οὖνομ' ἐν ἀκρήτῳ συγκεράσας πίομαι.

XXIII

FILL, to Enchantment and to Love in Heliodora's name !
fill, to the sweetly-speaking Grace, again, again the same !

For she my only goddess is whose name, whereon I think,
with my pure draught of offering I mingle ere I drink.

XXIV

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα·
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ρόδα·
ὡς ἀν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδώρας
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῆ στέφανος.

XXIV

WHITE violets I'll twine ;
the tender daffodilly
with myrtles I'll entwine ;
I'll twine the laughing lily.

I'll twine sweet crocus too ;
I'll twine among my posies
dark hyacinth for blue ;
I'll twine the lover's roses.

That thrown my lady's head
of myrrhy tresses over
a wreath with blossom shed
her lovely locks may cover.

XXV

‘Ο στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἡλιοδώρας·
αὐτὴ δὲ ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

XXV

ON Heliodora's brow the garland pines,
but she the garland of the garland shines.

XXVI

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἐρωτα τρέφω· σοὶ δ', Ἡλιοδώρα,
βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομέναν κραδίαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκταν δέξαι Πόθον· εὶ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με
ρέψαις, οὐκ οἴσω τὰν ἀπάλαιστρον ὕβριν.

XXVI

LOVE with me as a ball-player I keep, that unto thee,
O Heliodora, throws the heart that boundeth up in me.

Come take Desire for playfellow and straight return Love's aim,
or I'll not brook the haughtiness that cannot play the game.

XXVII

*"Αρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἀν αἰχμάσαι ἄγριος εἴη,
τίς τόσον, αἱρεσθαι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην;
ἄπτε τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος Ἡλιοδώρας·
βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδία.*

XXVII

SHE's stolen ! who dauntless enough to give battle,
who fierce enough, war against Love to declare ?
light the torches at once !—but that rustle and rattle—
back into my breast again, heart ! she is there !

XXVIII

Ανθοδίαιτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας
ψαύεις ἐκπρολιπούσ' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας ;
ἢ σύ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺν καὶ δυσύποιστον
πικρὸν ἀεὶ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἐρωτος ἔχει ;
ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἰπας. ἵω φιλέραστε, παλίμπους
στεῦχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἴδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

XXVIII

TELL me, flower-pastured bee, why thus the buds of spring
forsaking, Heliodora's cheek thou brushest with thy wing?

Dost thou signify that there, with sweetness and with smart
both laden, dwells a sting of love aye bitter to the heart?

Yes, methinks, 'tis this thou say'st: go, friend of lovers, go,
return upon thy path—I knew thy message long ago.

XXIX

Ἐγχει καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἡλιοδώρας·
εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὅνομα·
καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιξὸν ἔόντα
μναμόσυνον κείνας ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.
δακρύει φιλέραστον ἵδον ρόδον οὕνεκα κείναν
ἄλλοθι κοὺ κόλποις ἀμετέροις ἐσορᾶ.

XXIX

FILL up ! to Heliodora mine
again, again, again !
mixed with the pure unblended wine
her sweet name let me drain !

Bring me the wreath of yesterday
that drippeth still with myrrh,
and throw it round my brows, I pray,
in memory of her !

Ah see, the rose, love's favourer,
is weeping, sore distrest,
because elsewhere it seeth her,
and not upon my breast.

XXX

Λίσσοιμ' Ἐρως τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας
κοιμίσον αἰδεσθεὶς μοῦσαν ἐμὰν ἵκετιν.
ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν
ἄλλον, ἀεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψω φωνεῦντ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
γράμματ'. ἔρωτος δρά, ζεῖνε, μιαιφονίην.

XXX

Love, prithee spurn thou not my Muse that kneeleth at thy feet,
but lull my still-awake desire for Heliodora sweet.

For by thy bow, that has not learnt to aim at other hearts
but without end at mine alone to pour its wingéd darts,

If thou shouldst kill me, I will leave engraved my tomb above
a legend saying: *Stranger, see the murderousness of Love.*

XXXI

’Ω νύξ, ὡ φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πόθος Ἡλιοδώρας,
 καὶ σκολιῶν ὅρθρων κνίσματα δακρυχαρῆ,
 ἀρα μένει στοργῆς ἐμὰ λείφανα, καὶ τὸ φίλημα
 μναμόσυνον ψυχρᾶ θάλπετ’ ἐν εἰκασίᾳ ;
 ἀρά γ’ ἔχει σύγκοιτα τὰ δάκρυα, κάμὸν ὅνειρον
 ψυχαπάτην στέρνοις ἀμφιβαλοῦσα φιλεῖ ;
 ἦ νέος ἄλλος ἔρως, νέα παιγνια ; μήποτε, λύχνε,
 ταῦτ’ ἐσίδης, εἴης δ’ ἦς παρέδωκα φύλαξ.

XXXI

O NIGHT, O vigilant desire for Heliodora dear !
O tortures of the crabbéd morns whose joy is in my tear !

Remaineth aught for me of love ? and in cold phantasy
doth yet my kiss abide with her still warm in memory ?

And oh, are tears her bedfellows ? and doth she clasp and kiss
upon her breast my dreaméd form that cheats her soul of bliss ?

Or some new love and new delights—? ah, never brook to see
the like, O lamp, but be her guard with whom I chargéd thee.

XXXII

Ακρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὑπνου,
ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μούσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,
αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινὸν,
ἐγκρούοντα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,
ώς με πόνων ρύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,
ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον.
δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὄρθρινὰ δώσω
καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

XXXII

CICALA, bringer on of sleep, deceiver of my pain,
cicala, meadow-muse of tuneful wing,
Nature's own mimic of the lyre, come strike a charming strain,
with thine own feet thy shrill wings battering.

To free me from the miseries of ever-wakeful care,
the woof of love-beguiling sound renew ;
and unto thee, as morning gifts, leeks ever-green I'll bear,
and for thy mouth divided drops of dew.



XXXIII

Δάκρυνά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς, Ἡλιοδώρα,
 δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀΐδαν,
 δάκρυνα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
 σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
 οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθίμενοις Μελέαγρος
 αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν·
 αἰαὶ ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν "Αἰδης,
 ἄρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
 ἀλλά σε γουνοῦμαι, Γά παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
 ἡρέμα σοὶς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκαλίσαι.



XXXIII

TEARS, Heliodora, tears to thee,
deep down the earth beneath,
I offer, of my constancy
a remnant unto Death ;

Tears, bitter tears ; a sacrifice,
thy woeful tomb above,
pouring in token of my sighs,
in token of my love.

Yea, sorely, sorely so for thee,
still dear, though with the worn,
vain tribute for Mortality,
doth Meleager mourn :

*Ah me, where is my darling bud ?
the Grave hath ravished it,
hath ravished it ; the dust hath strewed
my blooming floweret.*

O fostering Earth, I pray of thee
that her, my grief untold,
unto thy bosom tenderly
thou, Mother, wilt enfold.

XXXIV

Οἰκτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίξενε, δῶρον ἐς "Αιδαν
ὸκτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισε χλαμύδι.
ἢ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀν ἔστενεν ἀνίκ' ἀπ' οἴκων
ἄλικες οἰμωγῷ σὸν νέκυν ἀχθοφόρευν,
πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον, ἀνωρύοντο γονῆς,
αἰαῖ τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,
καὶ κενεὰς ὡδῆνας· ἵω κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,
στεῖρα γόνας στοργὴν ἔπτυσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

XXXIV

A GIFT most piteous in thy mantle's fold
unto the grave
thee, O Charixenus, eighteen years old,
thy mother gave.

Even a stone had wept upon the day
when from thy door
forth with lament the burden of thy clay
thy fellows bore,

And loud thy parents wailed for misery,
not marriage blest,
alas, the disappointed charity,
of mother's breast,

Alas, the empty travail!—ah, too stern
virgin above,
unto the winds, thou barren Fate, to spurn
a parent's love!

XXXV

Οὐ Γάμον ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
δέξατο παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα·
ἄρτι γάρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν
λωτοὶ καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·
ἡῶι δὲ ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δὲ ὑμέναιος
σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο·
αἱ δὲ αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχευν περὶ παστῷ
πεῦκαι καὶ φθιμένῃ νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὄδόν.

XXXV

Not Marriage Clearista won to wait upon her wedding
but Death, when she unloosed the zone of her virginity :
for late the pipes at eventide were at her portal shedding
their music, and her chamber-doors resounded noisily ;

And early on the morrow they raised a note of sorrow,
the bridal-chorus quieted became a chant of woe ;
and so the self-same torches about her bower's porches
gave shine and for her perishéd lit up the path below.

XXXVI

εἰς τὰς λγκαμβίδας

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀΐδαο θεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ
 δμνυμεν ἀρρήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,
 παρθένοι ὡς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ' ὁ πικρὸς
 αἰσχρὰ καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης
 Ἀρχιλοχος· ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ
 ἔργα γυναικεῖον δ' ἔτραπεν εἰς πόλεμον.
 Πιερίδες, τί κόρησιν ἔφ' ὑβριστῆρας ἴαμβους
 ἔτραπετ', οὐχ ὁσίω φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

XXXVI

THE DAUGHTERS OF LYCAMBES

By the right hand of Hades, lord of death,
and the dark couch of dread Persephone,
virgin indeed are we, even earth beneath ;
but slanders oft on our virginity
poured harsh Archilochus, to no fair use
his fair speech but on woman-war bestowing :
Muses, the sharp lampoon why let ye loose
on maids, to one impure your favour showing ?

XXXVII

Τανταλὸν παῖ, Νιόβα, κλυ' ἐμὰν φάτιν, ἄγγελον ἄτας·
 δέξαι σῶν ἀχέων οἰκτροτάταν λαλιάν.
 λῦε κόμας ἀνάδεσμον, ἵω βαρυπενθέσι Φοίβου
 γειναμένα τόξοις ἀρσενόπαιδα γόνον·
 οὐ σοι παῖδες ἔτ' εἰσίν. ἄταρ τί τόδ' ἄλλο; τί λεύσσω;
 αἰαῖ πλημυρρεῖ παρθενικαῖσι φόνος.
 ἀ μὲν γὰρ ματρὸς περὶ γούνασιν, ἀ δ' ἐνὶ κόλποις
 κέκλιται, ἀ δ' ἐπὶ γᾶς, ἀ δ' ἐπιμαστίδιος·
 ἄλλα δ' ἀντωπὸν θαμβεῖ βέλος· ἀ δ' ἐπ' ὀιστοῖς
 πτώσσει· τᾶς δ' ἔμπνουν δύμ' ἔτι φῶς ὁράᾳ.
 ἀ δὲ λάλον στέρξασα πάλαι στόμα νῦν ὑπὸ θάμβευς
 μάτηρ σαρκοπαγῆς οἴλα πέπηγε λίθος.

XXXVII

HEAR, Niobe, my voice that brings the tidings of distress
receive the lamentable tale of thine unhappiness.

Unloose the binding of thy brows, who thy male progeny
hast borne unto a grievous doom, Apollo's archery.

Thy boys, they are no more—but lo, what fate is this beside ?
what see I here? ah me, with blood of maidens flows a tide !

For one is at her mother's knees, one to her bosom prest ;
another lies upon the ground, another at the breast :

One stares at the confronting bolt ; one at the arrow-flight
crouches ; another's living eye yet looks upon the light.

And she, the mother, who did erst lips never-silent own,
doth now stand fixed in her dismay like some incarnate stone.

XXXVIII

εἰς τὸ ἔαρ

Χείματος ἡνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο
 πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἴαρος ὥρη·
 γαῖα δὲ κυανέη χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην
 καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμησε πετήλοις.
 οἱ δὲ ἀπαλὴν πίνουστες ἀξιφύτου δρόσον Ἡοὺς
 λειμῶνες γελόωσιν ἀνοιγομένοιο ρόδοιο·
 χαίρει καὶ σύριγγι νομεύνι ἐν ὅρεσσι λιγαίνων,
 καὶ πολιοῦς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.
 ἥδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται
 πνοιῇ ἀπημάντῳ Ζεφύρου λίνα κολπώσαντος.
 ἥδη δὲ εὐάζουσι φερεσταφύλφ Διονύσῳ
 ἄνθει βοτρυόεντος ἐρεψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.
 ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις
 καλὰ μέλει, καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται
 λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.
 πάντη δὲ ὀρνίθων γενεὴ λιγύφωνον ἀείδει,
 ἀλκυόνες περὶ κῦμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,
 κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδῶν.
 εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι, καὶ γαῖα τέθηλεν,
 συρίζει δὲ νομεύς, καὶ τέρπεται εύποκα μῆλα,
 καὶ μέλπει πετεηνά, καὶ ὀδίνουσι μέλισσαι,
 πῶς οὐ χρὴ καὶ ἀοιδὸν ἐν εἴαρι καλὸν ἀεῖσαι;

XXXVIII

SPRING

As soon as windy Winter was gone from the sky,
out smiled the sunny season of flower-bearing Spring :
the dark earth of green grass a coronal put on,
and sucking scions burgeoned with petals all anew.
And now the meadows drinking the tender dew of Dawn,
their foster-mother, laugh with the opening of the rose.
The shepherd in the mountains pipes gaily on his reed,
and in the white kids of the goats the goatherd takes delight.
Now on the ocean-billows the sailors are afloat,
outbosoming their canvas the Zephyr's harmless breath.
To clustered Dionysus men sing their praises now,
with berried ivy's blossom engarlanding their hair.
Now with their cunning duties the kine-engendered bees
are busy, and within the hive do seated labour out
the white, liquid treasures of the often-pierced comb.
The tribe of birds with voices clear are singing everywhere,
the kingfisher about the wave, the swallow round the roof,
the swan upon the river-banks, the nightingale in wood.
Then if green leaves are merry, and earth is all in bloom,
and if the shepherd pipeth, and fleecy flocks delight,
if Dionysus danceth, and sailors are afloat,
if chant the feathered creatures, and bees are travailing,
how should not in the spring-time the poet sweetly sing ?

XXXIX

Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἵκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,
μυκᾶται, ψυχὰν ῥυόμενος θανάτου.
ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρέα· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς
πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

XXXIX

THE ox himself, O Zeus in heaven, is lowing at thine altar
in supplication unto thee to save him from his doom :
O son of Cronos, loose, I pray, the plougher from the halter,
for thou to bear Europa didst thyself a bull become.

XL

Τίς τάδε μοι θηητὰ περὶ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνῆψε
σκῦλα, παναισχίστην τέρψιν Ἐνυαλίου;
οὔτε γὰρ αἰγανέαι περιαγέεις οὔτε τι πήληξ
ἄλλοφος οὔτε φόνφ χρανθὲν ἄρηρε σάκος·
ἀλλ' αὕτως γανόωντα καὶ ἀστυφέλικτα σιδάρῳ,
οἴá περ οὐκ ἐνοπᾶς ἀλλὰ χορῶν ἔναρα.
οὶς θάλαμον κοσμεῖτε γαμήλιον· δπλα δὲ λύθρῳ
λειβόμενα βροτέψ σηκὸς Ἀρηος ἔχοι.

XL

WHO was it hung gay spoils to me
about my temple thus,
a gift of high indignity
to Enyalius ?

Here are no spears of splintered wood,
no crestless helm is here ;
no buckler here befouled with blood
doth on my wall appear.

Unbuffeted by sword or lance
are these, but virgin-bright,
liker to trophies of the dance
than trophies of the fight.

Go, wedding-chambers ornament
with weapons free from speck ;
let arms with human gore besprent
the shrine of Ares deck !

XLI

Εἰπὲ Λυκαινίδι, Δορκάς· Ἰδ’ ώς ἐπίτηκτα φιλοῦσα
 ἥλως· οὐ κρύπτει πλαστὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·
 ἄγγειλον τάδε, Δορκάς· ἵδον πάλι δεύτερον αὐτῇ
 καὶ τρίτον ἄγγειλον, Δορκάς, ἅπαντα· τρέχε·
 μηκέτι μέλλε, πέτου—βραχύ μοι, βραχύ, Δορκάς, ἐπίσχες·
 Δορκάς, ποῦ σπεύδεις, πρίν σε τὰ πάντα μαθεῖν;
 πρόσθεις δ’ οἷς εἱρηκα πάλαι—μᾶλλον δ’ ὅτι—ληρῶ·
 μηδὲν ὅλως εἴπυς—ἀλλ’ ὅτι—πάντα λέγε·
 μὴ φείδου τάδε πάντα λέγειν—καίτοι τί σε, Δορκάς,
 ἐκπέμπω, σὺν σοὶ καύτὸς ἵδον προάγων;

XLI

DORCAS, say to Lycaenis : *See, hypocrite prove
thy kisses ! time hides not a counterfeit love.*

Take, Dorcas, this message ; again to her say,
say again to her all of it, Dorcas ; away !

Nay, loiter not, fly !—stop a moment, attend !
Dorcas, whither so fast before hearing the end ?

To my first message add that—or rather, that—well,
say nothing at all—but that—all of it tell !

Refrain not from telling her all—but why so
am I sending you, Dorcas, when with you I go ?

XLII

Παμμῆτορ Γῆ, χαῖρε· σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σὲ
Αἰσιγένην καύτῃ νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρής.

XLII

HAIL, Mother Earth ! Aesigenes,
that erst was unto thee
not heavy, now in turn may'st please
to press not heavily.

XLIII

Α φίλερως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιὰς οἴα γαλήνης
δμμασι συμπειθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

XLIII

ASCLEPIAS, that amorous maid,
even as Calm at sea,
doth all by her bright eyes persuade
love-mariners to be.

XLIV

Τὴν πυρὶ νηχομένην ψυχὴν δν πολλάκι καλησ,
φεύξετ', Ἐρως· καύτη, σχέτλι, ἔχει πτέρυγας.

XLIV

My soul that swims in fire forbear,
O Love, to burn so oft ;
she too hath wings, thou wretch ! beware,
or she will fly aloft.

XLV

Τὸν ταχύπονν ἔτι παῦδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης
ἀρτι μ' ἀπὸ στέρνων οὐατόεντα λαγῶν
ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἀ γλυκερόχρως
Φανίον, εἰαρινός ἀνθεσι βοσκόμενον·
οὐδέ με μητρὸς ἔτ' εἶχε πόθος· θυήσκω δ' ὑπὸ θοίνης
ἀπλήστου, πολλῇ δαιτὶ παχυνόμενος.
καὶ μου πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψει νέκυν, ως ἐν ὀνείροις
αἰὲν ὁρᾶν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.

XLV

FROM my mother's breast forlorn
I, the swift of foot, was torn
lately, but an infant yet,
a long-earéd leveret.
Tender Phanion lovingly
with kind keeping cherished me
in her bosom, banqueting
on the blossoms of the spring :
and no longer then I sighed
for my mother ; but I died
from a feast unlimited,
being on too much plenty fed.
And my corpse by her bedside
in her chamber she did hide,
so in dreams my tomb to spy
to her couch for ever nigh.

XLVI

Κεῖμαι· λὰξ ἐπιβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον·
οἰδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, καὶ βαρὺν δυτα φέρειν·
οἱδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα· βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν φρένα πυρσοὺς
οὐ φλέξεις· ἥδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

XLVI

Low lie I : tread upon my head,
thou cruel Power ! I swear
by heaven above, I know thee, Love,
though hard thou art to bear ;

Thy fiery bow full well I know :
but at my heart if thou
shouldst hurl a torch, it will not scorch,
for all is ashes now.

XLVII

Εὐφορτοι νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἱ πόρον "Ελλας
πλεῦτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέαν,
ἥν που ἐπ' ἡδύνων Κφαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε
Φανίον ἐς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,
τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγείλασθε· καλὴ νυέ, σός με κομίζει
ἶμερος οὐ ναύταν ποσσὸν δὲ πεζοπόρον
εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἴποιτ' εὑ στέλλοισθ' αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς
οὔριος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὁθόνας.

XLVII

TRIM ships of ocean, o'er the way
of Helle sailing forth,
while in your swelling bosoms play
fair breezes of the North,

When passing by the Coan strand,
if anywhere you sight
Phanion gazing from the land
upon the ocean bright,

Deliver unto her this word :
*Fair damsel, yearning sweet
for thee conveys me, not aboard
but faring on my feet.*

And if ye render this my tale
then cheerly may you go,
and Zeus with favourable gale
shall on your canvas blow.

XLVIII

*Ματρὸς ἔτ’ ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὥρθινὰ παλέων
ἀστραγάλοις τούμὸν πνεῦμ’ ἐκύβευσεν Ἐρως.*

XLVIII

WHEN, at his mother's bosom yet,
Love, soon as night was past,
played knuckle-bones, the infant set
my soul upon the cast.

XLIX

Νᾶσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δέ με τεκνοῖ
 'Ατθὶς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα·
 Εὐκράτεω δ' ἔβλαστον ὁ σὺν Μούσαις Μελέαγρος
 πρῶτα Μενιππείοις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν.
 εἰ δὲ Σύρος, τί τὸ θαῦμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμον
 ναιομεν· ἐν θνατοὺς πάντας ἔτικτε Χάος.
 πουλυετῆς δ' ἔχαραξα τάδ' ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τύμβου·
 γῆρως γάρ γείτων κάλγγύθεν 'Αιδεω.
 ἀλλά με τὸν λαλιὸν καὶ πρεσβύτην συ προσειπὼν
 χαίρειν εἰς γῆρας καύτὸς ἵκοι λάλον.

XLIX

TYRE was the isle that fostered me,
my birth-place Gadara,
among the Assyrians though it be,
a town of Attica.

The son of Eucrates am I,
that with the Muses' aid
the Graces of Menippus nigh
my earliest course essayed.

If Syrian, what the marvel then ?
stranger, we all have yet
one fatherland, the world ; all men
one Chaos did beget.

When full of years inscribe I this
on tablets for my tomb,
for he that age's neighbour is
near unto death is come.

Thy garrulous and ancient sage
greet with a kindly speech ;
so pray I garrulous old age
thou in thy turn may'st reach.



L

Ατρέμας, ὡς ξένε, βαῖνε· παρ' εὐσεβέσιν γὰρ ὁ πρέσβυς
εῦδει κοιμηθεὶς ὑπνον ὀφειλόμενον,
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος, ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν "Ερωτα
καὶ Μούσας ἵλαραν συστολίσας Χάρισιν·
δὸν θεόπαις ἥνδρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων θ' ἵερὰ χθών·
Κῶς δ' ἐρατὴ Μερόπων πρέσβυν ἐγηροτρόφει.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἐσσί, Σάλαμ· εἰ δ' οὖν σύ γε Φοῖνιξ,
Ναιίδιος· εἰ δ' "Ελλην, Χαῖρε· τὸ δ' αὐτὸ φράσον.



L

TREAD softly, stranger : here at rest among pure souls below
an old man, Meleager, sleeps the sleep that all men owe :

The son of Eucrates ; that did together of his wit
Muses and Love the sweet in tears with merry Graces knit :

Whom Tyre divine to manhood reared, and Gadara's holy land ;
Cos of the Merops nursed his age upon her lovely strand.

If thou art Syrian, then *Salaam!* *Naidios!* if Phenician ;
prithee to me return the same, or *Chaere!* if a Grecian.

TRANSFORMÉD fifty blossoms are of Meleager's soul,
all with the Muses and the Graces grown :
let these suffice thee ; for *by far the half exceeds the whole,*
say we to whom is Hesiod's wisdom known.

*‘Ηδη πεντήκοντα μετεπλάσαμεν Μελεάγρου
σύντροφα καὶ Μούσαις ἄνθεα καὶ Χάρισιν.
ἀρκείτω σοι τοσσάδ’· ἐπεὶ πλέον ἡμίσιγ παντὸς,
ῶς φαμεν οἱ σοφίην εἰδότες Ἡσιόδου.*

NOTES

II. Love is supposed a runaway; and the poem begins as a proclamation describing him. In l. 4 we should perhaps more probably join *νῶτα φαρέτροφόρος* 'with a quiver at his back,' as *χρύσεον περὶ νῶτα φαρέτριον* in the second Idyll of Moschus, which this poem closely imitates. For, as writers in this kind generally, Meleager is a constant borrower of ideas, notably from Callimachus.

XXI. This is the ending of a debate with his own heart.

XXXVI. For Archilochus and this famous story, see the chapter on the Satirists in Mr. Symonds's *Greek Poets*.

XXXVII. A messenger coming from Mount Cithaeron with tidings for Niobe of the death of her sons, there slain by Apollo, finds her daughters also dying by the arrows of Artemis.

XL. Ares speaks.

XLVII. In ll. 5 and 7 the reading is quite uncertain.

XLIX. l. 2. Though in Syrian soil, an Attic city by virtue of its intellectual culture. The poets often say *Assyrian* for *Syrian*. l. 4. For Menippus, see the Introduction. In the *merry Graces* Meleager refers to his satiric work *The Graces*, there mentioned.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	POEM		POEM
'Α φίλερως χαροποῖς 'Ασκληπιὰς	xliii	Ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν	xlviii
'Αδὺ μέλος, ναὶ Πάνα τὸν 'Αρκάδα	v	Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, "Ερως	xiv
Αἰεὶ μοι διεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν	xviii	Ναὶ τὸν "Ερωτα, θέλω	xvii
'Ακρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πέδων	xxxii	Νᾶσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος	xlix
'Ανθοδίαιτε μέλισσα	xxviii		
"Αρπασται" τὸς τόσσον	xxvii		
'Ατρέμας, ὡς ἔνε, βαῖνε	1	'Ο στέφανος τερὶ κρατὶ	xxv
Αὐτὸς δὲ βοῦς ἱκέτης	xxxix	Οἰκτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίζενε	xxxiv
Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἀπτε· πορεύσομαι	xxi	Οἶων, ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάρχε	xxii
Δάκρυνά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς	xxxiii	'Οξυβόαι κώνωπες, ἀναιδέες	viii
Δεινὸς "Ερως, δεινός	i	Οὐ Γάμον ἀλλ' 'Αίδαν	xxxv
Δεξιετέρην 'Αίδαο θεοῦ χέρα	xxxvi	Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἔβων, ψυχή	xx
"Εγχει, καὶ τάλιν εἰπὲ	xxix		
"Εγχει τὸς Πειθοῦς	xxiii	Παμμῆτορ Γῆ, χαῖρε	xlii
Εἰπὲ Λυκανιδή, Δορκάς	xli	Πλέξω λευκόνιν	xxiv
'Εντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης	xix	Πλωείσθω καὶ ματρὸς	iii
Εὔδεις, Ζηνοφίλα	vi		
Εὐφόροτοι νᾶες πελαγίτιδες	xlvii	Σφαιριστὰν τὸν "Ερωτα τρέφω	xxvi
"Ηδη λευκόνιον θάλλει	iv	Ταυταλὶ παῖ, Νιόβα	xxxvii
'Ηχητεις τέττιξ	ix	Τὴν πυρὶ νηχομένην ψυχὴν	xliv
'Ιξὸν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα	xii	Τὶς ξένον εἰ βροτολογὸς "Ερως	x
Καύτὸς "Ερως δὲ πτηνὸς	xi	Τὶς τάδε μοι θητὰ	xi
Κεῖμαι· λὸξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος	xlvi	Τὸ σκύφος ἀδὺ γέγηθε	vii
Κηρύσσω τὸν "Ερωτα	ii	Τὸν ταχύπονην ἔτι παῖδα	xlv
Λίστομ', "Ερως, τὸν διγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πέδον	xxx	Τρισταλ μὲν Χάριτες	xiii
		Φαμὶ ποτ' ἐν μύθοις	xv
		Χείματος ἡνεμένετος	xxxviii
		Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε	xvi
		*Ω νύξ, ὡς φιλάγρυπνος ἐμοὶ πέθος	xxxi

